

28 JUVENILE RAMBLES.

meg is not to be found. This bark is exceedingly thin, and is generally rolled up into a sort of tube or pipe, of different lengths. It is the heat of the sun that rolls it up in this manner.

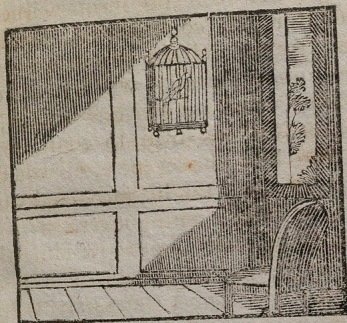
As for Cloves, they are a dried unripe fruit, and as to the colour and shape, you are very well acquainted with them already; though I should tell you, that when first gathered, they are of a dark red, and are turned to the colour you now see them have, by being dried in the sun and smoke. These also grow in the East-Indies; but I must beg you both to remember, that nutmegs and mace grow upon one tree, cinnamon on another, and cloves on a third; nor do these three trees grow on the same island, but on different islands, almost a thousand miles distant from each other.

Bless me, what a long ramble we have taken this morning: it is almost dinner-time before one thought of it. Besides, the clouds seem to be gathering, and I expect

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expect we shall have some rain. Let us endeavour to get home before the shower comes on.

R A M B L E III.



If you please, my pretty little companions, we will now take another Ramble, and pursue our researches into the wonderful works of nature. But, bless me, what a ranting this little canary-bird makes. You have, Miss Charlotte,